

Taylor Hicks, Soul Thing

I've been traveling all these years,
Just barely getting by.
The road can be your friend
Or the devil in disguise.

When the tough get going,
The muses visit me.
Yet in soft, low tones,
They always say to me,
Say to me,

"It ain't no groove thing,
It ain't no country twang,
It's a simple refrain;
It's a soul thang." (2x)

Where the city street meets the county road,
Where the sun is nice and warm,
No matter how long I may roam,
This song still takes us home,
Takes us home.

Now we'll tell you about these times,
When the blues come out to play,
And jazz leaves her number...
It's funny, she always says:

"It ain't no groove thing,
It ain't no country twang,
It's a simple refrain;
It's a soul thang." (2x)

Now I'll tell you about these times,
When the blues come out to play,
And jazz leaves her number...
It's funny, she always says:

"Well, the city lights fly by me,
As their eyes are getting heavy.
We're sending our love over telephone wire.
These days getting lonelier by the mile...by the mile."

It ain't no groove thing,
It ain't no country twang,
It's a simple refrain;
It's a soul thang. (2x)

It ain't no groove thing,
Yeah, ain't no country twang,
It's a simple refrain;
It's a soul thang. (2x)